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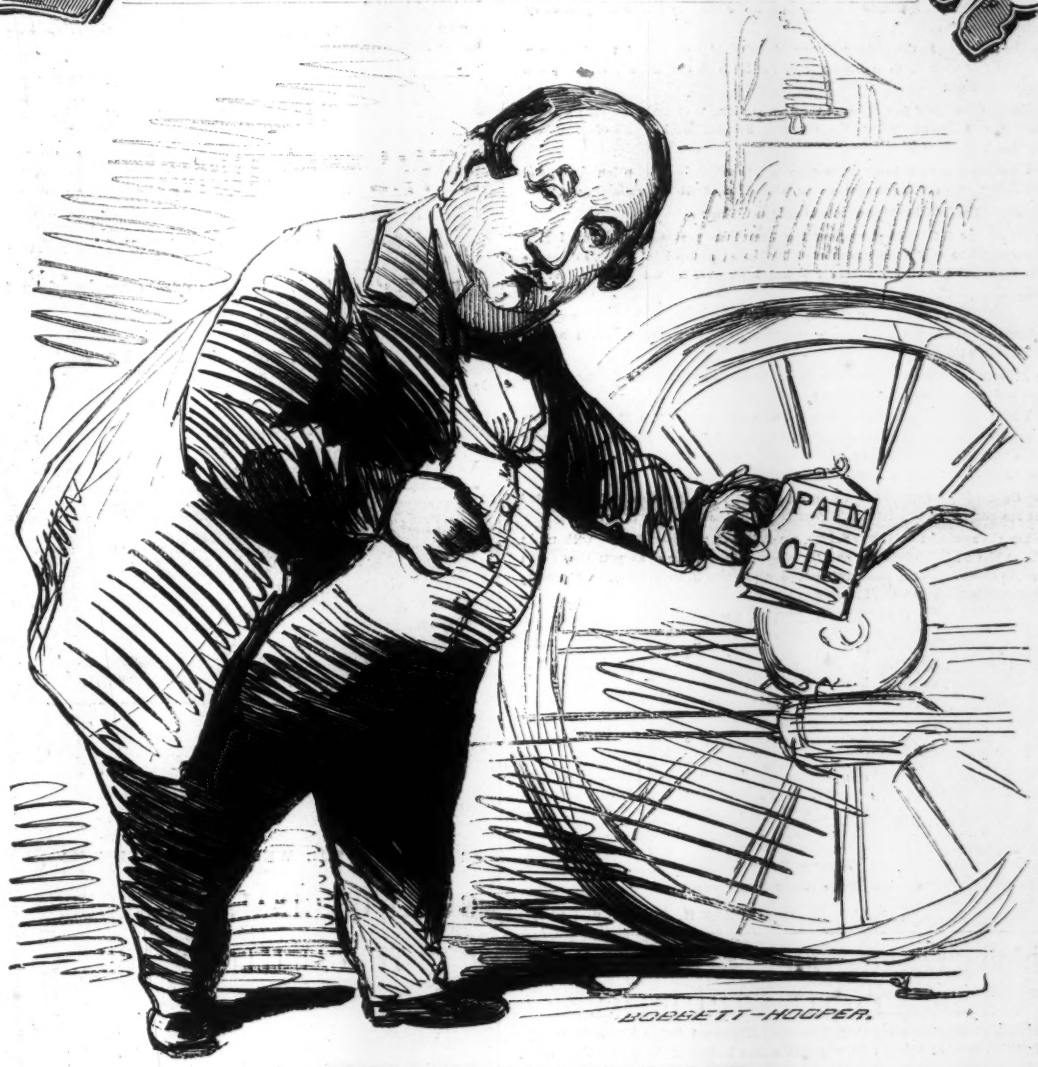
VOL. 7. NO. 168.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday, June 27,
1863.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT 110 NASSAU STREET, N.Y.



DEAN RICHMOND,

ENGINEER OF THE DEMOCRATIC MACHINE: OILING UP, PREPARATORY TO THE FALL TRIP.

A FACT WORTH KNOWING.
J. H. JOHNSTON & CO., 150 Bowery, cor. Broome Street, New-York,
HAVE ALWAYS ON HAND A FINE STOCK OF WATCHES, JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, SILVER & PLATED WARE, AT VERY LOW PRICES.

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TO THE

UNION AND LOYAL LEAGUES AND ASSOCIATIONS, AND LOYAL CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES.

PHILADELPHIA, May 25th, 1863.

FELLOW CITIZENS: By direction of the Union League of Philadelphia, the undersigned have the honor to invite your attention to the following Resolutions, to wit: *Resolved*,

"1. That the League will celebrate the approaching Anniversary of American Independence by appropriate ceremonies, at the Hall of Independence.

"2. That all the Union Leagues and Associations in the United States be invited to participate in the celebration, and that they be requested to send deputations from their respective bodies for that purpose.

"3. That it be recommended that the deputies be authorized to represent their respective constituents in any action that may be deemed necessary and expedient to perfect the organization of the friends of the American Union and Government throughout the United States.

"4. That the Committee of Correspondence be authorized to prepare a circular letter, communicating these resolutions to the Union Leagues and loyal Citizens of the respective States, and to adopt such measures as may be necessary to carry them into effect."

For the first time in the history of our Country, the masses of the American people are now invited to commemorate the birth of the Union, at the place where it was born:

To reassert the great principles of the Declaration, that "All men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with the unalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness:"

To acknowledge our obligations to mankind, to maintain those principles as our fathers did, "with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence:"

To declare the indivisibility of the American Union:

To declare the inflexible purpose of the American people, as God shall give them strength, to subdue the enemies of the Union, and reëstablish and perpetuate the National Authority, wherever it has been overthrown by treason or rebellion.

To declare to foreign nations, that while we desire peace with them, we shall hold them responsible for any encouragement they may give to the rebellion against the government of the United States.

To give to history an appropriate expression of our gratitude to the patriot-armies and navy of the Republic: and

To declare our determination to sustain the constituted authorities of the Government now and hereafter, in all measures adopted and prosecuted by them for the suppression of the rebellion without compromise with traitors, as the only means of securing an honorable and lasting peace.

The Committee are gratified to announce that the President of the United States has accepted an invitation to participate in the proceedings

Fellow Citizens of the United States, we call upon you to coöperate with us in this First National Celebration, and to adopt such measures as you may deem proper, to make it worthy of a great people who have inherited, and now possess and appreciate the blessings of liberty.

CHARLES GIBBONS, Chairman.

Henry C. Carey,	C. S. Smith,	James L. Claghorn,
Horace Binney, Jr.,	F. A. Comly,	Wm. Henry Rawle,
Frederick Fraley,	Alfred M. Jessup,	Evan Randolph,
Daniel Smith, Jr.,	Daniel Dougherty,	E. Spencer Miller,
Jos. Allison,	John W. Forney,	M. H. Messchert,
Benj. Gerhard,	Morton McMichael,	C. H. Needles,
Geo. H. Stuart,	J. I. Clark Hare,	S. C. Perkins,
N. B. Browne,	Wilson C. Swann, M. D.,	Craig D. Ritchie,
William Camac, M.D.,	J. Edgar Thomson,	W. S. Stewart,
S. M. Felton,	Wm. H. Ashhurst,	J. Price Wetherill,
A. E. Borie,	Geo. H. Boker,	E. D. Whitney,
Wm. M. Tilghman,	John B. Myers,	Geo. J. Weaver,
H. Carey Lea,	J. Gillingham Fell,	Chas. S. Wurts, M.D.,
Ed. Hartshorne, M.D.,	F. J. Dreer,	Wm. Struthers,
Thos. Webster,	H. C. Howell,	G. M. Conarroe,
Ellis Yarnall,	George Trott,	Saunder Lewis,

And many others.

General Committee of Arrangement.

GEORGE H. BOKER, Secretary.

Union League and Kearney Cross HEADQUARTERS.

AGENTS wanted in every City, Town and Regiment in the Union, to sell the NEW UNION LEAGUE PINS, together with all kinds of JEWELRY and MASONIC EMBLEMS. I will send as sample, on the receipt of either 25 or 50 cents, one of the U. L. Pins, together with my wholesale Circular, and on the receipt of $1 I will send either a FINE GOLD PEN and PENCIL, or MASONIC PIN or RING, or a new style VEST CHAIN, or GUARD CHAIN, or NECK CHAIN, or set of NEW STYLE STUD-BUTTONS, or the KEARNEY CROSS.

B. T. HAYWARD,
Manufacturing Jeweller,
208 Broadway, N. Y.

THE

Atlantic Monthly!

For July, 1863.

A NEW VOLUME commences with the JULY NUMBER. This number contains contributions from

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE,
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,
ROBERT DALE OWEN,
LOUIS AGASSIZ,
GAIL HAMILTON,

☞ And other leading American Writers. ☜

LIST OF CONTENTS.—Doings of the Sunbeam; The Wraith of Odin; Gala Days; The Fleur-de-Lis at Port Royal; Her Epitaph; Outside Glimpses of English Poverty; Paul Bleeker; By the River; The Growth of Continents; The Musician; English Naval Power and English Colonies; Our General; The Claims to Service or Labor; Reviews and Literary Notices.

TERMS.—Twenty-five cents per number. Three dollars per year, post-paid by the publishers. TICKNOR & FIELDS,
135 Washington Street, Boston.

HALL OF THE

LOYAL NATIONAL LEAGUE,

813 BROADWAY.

☞ *This fine Reading Room is open every day from 9 A.M. to 10 P.M. Sundays excepted.*

☞ **Loyal Documents can be obtained for gratuitous distribution.**

☞ Returned Volunteers are specially invited to visit the Rooms.

This salve does not burn or eat the corns or bunions but keeps them soft and moist, so that they will gradually disappear.
Sold by all druggists. Sent by mail, FREE, on receipt of price. Address, DR. T. EMET, 8 Astor Place, New-York.

VANITY FAIR.

THE WEEKLY ISSUE OF THIS

GREAT ORIGINAL, HUMOROUS, AND SATIRICAL ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

WAS RESUMED MAY FIRST, AND IS FOR SALE AT THE OLD PRICE OF

SIX CENTS PER COPY.

LOUIS H. STEPHENS,
Publisher for Proprietors, 116 Nassau Street, New-York.

Published for the Proprietors, by LOUIS H. STEPHENS, at 116 Nassau Street, N. Y.

THE LATEST CURRENCY TROUBLE.

Boy, (with agitation).—"PLEASE MARM, THE GROCER SAYS HE WON'T TAKE NO MORE POSTAL BILLS, 'CAUSE THEY'RE A MEEJUM FOR MEASLES AND SUCH LIKE!"

The Last "Rebel Rag."

SOME one who saw the new Confederate flag flying from a vessel at Bermuda, says it (the flag) has "a blue Union and a red ground."

We congratulate the Rebels upon this most appropriate emblem of their Confederacy.

How admirably typical it is!

"*A blue Union and a red ground!*"

For, truly, their ground is red with the blood of their countrymen, and their Union looks, and feels, excessively *blue*, we take it, at present.

So the "blue Union and the red ground" are a decided hit, and we hope they will make a great many of them for general distribution.

We allude to flags, not *hits*.

A Question for Dry-Goods Importers.

OUGHT not Lawn dresses to be put in the same category with those made of Grass cloth?

Examinations in Natural History.

Q. CAN you give an instance of the filial devotion of the Beaver, or Castor?

A. Yes; it always takes care of its Dam with the greatest solicitude.

Q. What variety of the Castor is considered best for the table?

A. The Pepper-Castor.

Q. What is the most remarkable story related by any traveller with regard to the Castor?

A. An explorer of the North-Western country asserts that these animals were once so common there, that the rivers ran on Castors all the way to Lake Superior.

Q. Did these rivers ever run anything else than "all the way to Lake Superior"?

A. Yes; they ran Castor Oil in hot weather.

COPPERHEAD LYRICS.

No. VIII.

AIR—*Love not.* (*As if we ever did!*)

FIGHT not, fight not! lest you should win the day!
The more you win, the more we've got to lose—
Though if you're beat, doubt not we'll have our say,
And find, as usual, some one to abuse.
Fight not, fight not!

Fight not, fight not! For you may lose an eye,
A hand, a foot, a jaw, an arm, a leg—
And, when the surgeon comes, you can't tell *why*
You went and qualified yourself to beg.
Fight not, fight not!

Fight not, fight not! Your taste for arms may change,
But yet, you'll have to paddle right along,
And shoot your friends—sometimes at quite short range—
And let 'em crack at *you*, too, good and strong!
Fight not, fight not!

Fight not, fight not! How *can* you fellows fight,
After we've told you, several million times,
This horrid, internecine war ain't right—
Coërcion is the Bug-a-boo of crimes?
Fight not, fight not!

Fight not, fight not! Stay where you can be found!
It's rather ticklish, going it alone,
With LINCOLN'S agents prowling all around,
And every card we play already known!
Fight not, fight not!

Fight not, fight not! Why not go in for Peace?
It sounds humane; it's Scripture-like, in fact;
War is so barbarous! Those men are geese,
Who think the way to do things is to act
Fight not, fight not!

Fight not, fight not! It's pleasanter to jaw,
And carp and hiss at everything that's done—
To celebrate the majesty of law,
And cry—*The reign of tyranny's begun!*
Fight not, fight not!

Fight not, fight not! Oh, warning vainly said—
In times like these, as in the times gone by!
Honor and duty turn the feeble head—
And so the stupids go and fight, and die!
Fight not, fight not!

Matrimonial Mixtures.

ON looking over the advertisements in a San Francisco paper, we are struck by the fact that the Golden City is far ahead of us in the matter of fancy drinks. A dealer in liquors, there, for instance, announces that he is prepared to supply his customers with "Anti-divorce Punch," and "Lady's Tear Punch."

Now this nomenclature is highly suggestive. The "Anti-Divorce Punch" reminds us that foolish matches are constantly made under the influence of whiskey, or, in other words, that they are generally to be detected "Coming through the Rye," while, as for the "Lady's Tear Punch," all we have got to say is, that ladies' tears are too often followed by a Punch on the head to the rash cause of them.

Con, by General Belief.

WHY is Vicksburgh like a dead tree?
Because it is beyond re-leaf.

BUY ME! BUY ME!

CLARK MILLS'S (DUPLICATE) EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF JACKSON MAKES THE CITY AN OFFER.

HERE I am, comrades! cast and polished well,
A sitting on my horse so soldier-like—
JACKSON, you know; ANDREW the General,
And not the man who *lately* made a strike:
Comrades, will you buy me?
Patriots, will you try me?
Come, my sons!
Here she runs!
Only Thirty Thousand for Old Hickory in Bronze!

Strange! though great GEORGE, up there in Union Square,
Has pointed at the Hermitage so long:
As good as saying, Boys, it is not fair
To do the General this slight and wrong:
You haven't thought to try me!
How could you thus deny me?
Come, my sons!
Here she runs!
Only Thirty Thousand for Old Hickory in Bronze!

Come! clear the rubbish off from that old Park—
Including THOM'S abominable thing:
Kick the red batch into some corner dark,
And set *me* up there, royal as a king!
Bullies, will you buy me?
Toadies, will you try me?
Come, my sons—
Sons of guns!
Only Thirty Thousand for Old Hickory in Bronze!

D'ye think of one more proper for the place
In times like these? Pray, what's the fellow's name?
VALLANDIGHAM?—or WOOD? If that's the case
You sneaking rascals! I'll announce your shame!
Traitors, will you try me!
Copperheads! come buy me!
Come my sons—
Sons of guns!
Only Thirty Thousand for Old Hickory in Bronze!

Buy me, Oh, buy me! for I want to stare
Right straight into your nasty City Hall:
In midnight dreams your Booles I want to scare—
Looking like something awful on the wall!
Plotters, will you buy me?
Schemers, will you try me?
Come, my sons—
Sons of guns!
Only Thirty Thousand for Old Hickory in Bronze!

You honest patriot! take *me* for your sign?
Determined fighters! *Come* your shrine and sun!
Pray, set me up at once! just let me shine,
And "*By the Eternal!*" something will be done!
Comrades! *will* you buy me?
Patriots! *will* you try me?
Come, my sons—
Darling ones!
Only Thirty Thousand for Old Hickory in Bronze!

Horse-Millinery.

HERE is a sweet idea from France, bearing with it a perfume of fragrant blossoms, like a monsoon breathing over a show-case of new bonnets at the door of a milliner's shop:

"The Empress of the French has set the fashion of having the heads of her carriage horses decorated with artificial flowers. At last accounts the horses of the Imperial lady wore wreaths of lilac."

No doubt, whatever, that the fashion of the "Imperial Lady" will soon be followed here—unless New-York falls a victim to some unexpected raid of STUART'S Rebel Horse. In that case, the Horse just alluded to will appropriate the flowers to himself, and live riotously in our clover. But should we be spared the ignominy of becoming victims of a raid, we may soon expect to see the carriage-horses of our aristocracy arrayed with floral tops and nets. The color of the horse should be consulted with reference to the composition of his bouquet: for example, a chestnut-horse should wear nothing but the blossom of the horse-chestnut, while a bay ought ever to be crowned with a wreath from the shrub with which he is frequently confounded. We are a little puzzled to think of an appropriate vegetable for the top-dressing of a pie-bald horse, but, on consideration, we think that pumpkin-pie might do.

THE FEELING IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE state of "bristle" displayed by the State of Pennsylvania, ever since the track of the rebel horse-hoof has been imprinted upon its soil, suggests that the peaceful Commonwealth should henceforth have for its device a wild-boar hérissant, or else a porcupine on the rampage. If all Pennsylvania could be personified by one plant, we should say that a cactus would be about the thing to do it.

Blunderbuss clubs are being actively organized among the mild Quakers who cultivate the rural districts of Pennsylvania, and it is interesting to mark how the instinct of self-preservation, combined with patriotism, is making sharp-shooters of them all. Many mistakes were made at first, such as putting in the lead before the powder; but now all seems to be working well among their fine, though irregular levies, and it would be rather unsafe than otherwise to be a haystack or barn-door within short range of many of them.

The women and children of Pennsylvania are all to be removed to New-York, and will probably arrive here by an early Jersey City ferry-boat, on Monday morning. We perceive that the city authorities have already commenced emptying out our city ash-barrels and garbage boxes, in order that the refugees may receive an impression that civilization exists in some places outside Pennsylvania.

Now is the time to invest in real estate at Harrisburg. The Jones House in that city, for instance, has been offered, with all it contains, for fifty dollars, which most persons will consider cheap, when we state that the furniture and fixtures cost two hundred thousand.

It was stated, at an early hour last night, that the raiders were heard tapping the Pennsylvania Central Railroad. On investigation, however, it turned out that the alarm was caused by a policeman striking the pavement with his baton. Another report was abroad to the effect that STUART'S rebel horse were tearing up Lebanon Valley road; but this rumor was speedily traced to the fact that a respectable old maiden lady was tearing up her juvenile love letters, lest they might fall into the hands of the enemy. Every now and then a boy rushes into Harrisburg with the announcement that a "Strong light is to be seen in the direction of Greencastle;" but even this report fails to stand the test of investigation, and is found to arise from the circumstance of a Green light having been hoisted over the door of an Englishman named Strongcastle, who keeps a "hoister saloon in 'Arrisburg."

It is fully understood that there is a knife and a fork for every rebel who plants foot on the soil of Pennsylvania, but no plate. This is the usual manner in which the hospitalities of that State are tendered to such foreigners.

Tight Lacing.

SECESSIA is beginning to feel the effects of tight lacing. For some time her breathing apparatus was more or less damaged by the folds of that famous Anaconda, who has retired from active service for the present, however, but now she has a new squeezer at work, and the *Richmond Whig* calls it the "Belt of Desolation."

As all Secessia will probably be one great Waste before the war is over, we hope that our Government will see the necessity for enlarging the "Belt of Desolation" to meet the exigencies of the case.

THE COPPERHEAD OPERA.

NOBODY will be surprised to learn that FERNANDO WOOD, closely connected as he is with WOOD'S Minstrels, has just produced a very remarkable opera; or, perhaps, considering the fine religious tone lately taken by the Orator in question, it would be more appropriate to style his production an Oratorio.

A private reading of this musical novelty was given at Mr. WOOD'S residence on Tuesday evening last, when a large number of persons whose moral prejudices will not allow them to countenance those cess-pools of depravity, the Academy of Music and the regular theatres, attended, and were much refreshed in spirit by the emollient character of the exercises.

The opening hymn of quaker pugilists, set with a chorus of wolves very fashionably attired in sheeps' clothes, was received with rapture by the discriminating audience; there is something extremely touching in the melody to which the following fine words are set:

"Shorn Lambs we stand
And shiver on the land:
No plated Rams be we
As shivers ships at sea."

The gem of the evening was a *chanson à jeu*, sung by Mr. BEN WOOD, the well-known novelist, to an accompaniment played by Professor MORSE on a Lyre strung with telegraph-wires. What an immense field for suggestion opens out of the following verse, following up into the far perspective the winding river of imagination, until it loses itself in the valley of obscurity, not far from the turnpike gate:

"When FARO dipped his bug-eye wheels
Into the Red, Red Sea,
Says he, 'Give him the trump as deals,
For 'tis his Policy, see, see,
It is his Pol .... I ... see.'"

A peace-democrat lady who was present, atttired in masculine habiliments, declared with several well-considered oaths, that Professor MORSE'S accompaniment to the above was the "*morceau* of the evening, only more so."

After the applause elicited by BEN WOOD'S vocal effort had subsided, a weak-kneed young man gave, with considerable feeling, that touching little song, the "Soldier's Tear," which found its way into the oratorio somehow or another. The natural manner in which the weak-minded young man rendered the blubbering passages of the song brought a smile to every lip, and a stern determination to every heart to shut down upon the unnatural internecine difficulty in which we are engaged.

Another young man, with still weaker knees than the last, now sang the "Soldier Tired." He did not get through with the song, however, as his knees became tired about the middle of the second verse, and his voice dropped to the floor with a sound resembling that of a shower of slap-jacks.

"Peace on Earth" was next to have been given by the entire force of the company; but the performance was brought to an untimely close by a private difficulty between two prominent peace-democrats, ending in a free fight and the interference of the police.

JOHN BULL'S NEW SONG.

SET TO HIS OLD TUNE.

HURRAH for Piracy
Plundering the weak at sea
Jolly sport seems to me—
Give it full swing.
"Yankees" I'll cram with lies,
While, in a neutral's guise,
To their sworn enemies
Comfort I bring.

China! ay, that's the trick.
I'll swear through thin and thick
These ships I build so quick
All go that way.
Oaths are but puffs of breath,
Profit 's my shibboleth,
And my whole creed and faith
Centres in *Pay*.

Under my red-cross flag
Pirates their spoil may bag,
Each haul of Yankee "swag"
Fills me with joy.
JONATHAN, sore dismayed
Gives me his transit trade,
Keep up the rebel raid,
Burn and destroy.

Buccaneers, smugglers, knaves,
Through you I'll "rule the waves,"
Not blows, but tricks and shaves
Pay best, I trow.
Luck to the Nassau sharks!
Ho! Clyde-built robber barques,
Pounce on the Yankees' arks,
Set them a-glow!

What though their minister
Smells something sinister,
While there's Reb. *tin* astir
I'm not so gréen
As to give up the game,
Though the whole world cry shame,
Cash before Faith and Fame!
God save the Queen!

"A HORSE! A HORSE!"

GENTLEMEN who are the fortunate possessors of horses will all be so good as to speak at once to the following:

"MATRIMONIAL.—Two young ladies, with pretensions to beauty, wish to make the acquaintance of two gentlemen with a view to matrimony. Those able to keep horses preferred, as they are fond of horseback riding. Address May and Lillie, Flushing, Long Island."

If dearest MAY, and languishing LILLIE, of Long Island, would be satisfied to go through the world on horses of the new, patent, spring-rocker persuasion, we are acquainted with two nice young men who can command sufficient capital to purchase and maintain a couple of these fictitious but inexpensive steeds. The girl who truly loves a man will not hesitate to go through life with him on rockers; and, although critical persons might suppose, from the wording of MAY and LILLIE'S little matrimonial proposal, that the horses, and not the husbands, were the object of their affections, yet, if they will only write to us enclosing twelve kisses, post-paid, we will cheerfully undertake to arrange matters for them with the young men who have the tin to raise the wooden horses.

A "Taking" Stock.

"WHICH is the favorite Government investment to-day?" asked the COUNTRY CUSTOMER, taking out a "swad" of greenbacks.

"Why, on the whole, I think its new experiment with our BANKS," answered the jocose BROKER.

Con. by a "Malignant Yankee."

WHY is the "tented field" of a Confederate host like JEFF DAVIS?

Because it is a Rebel-'s-camp.

GOOD FOR THE MIDDIES!

Midshipmite.—"LOOK HERE, UNCLE ABE, WE'VE LEFT SCHOOL, NOW, AND WANT TO GO RIGHT STRAIGHT TO BUSINESS!"

TO WARD OFF THE EXPECTED BLOW:—Raise a regiment in every Ward of the City.

"Drawn from the Wood."

WE learn that, during the great storm of Wednesday last, the "limbs were torn off many venerable trees."

Poor old fellows! they will have to go on wooden legs, now, until the time arrives for taking their last leaves!

A Tale of Blood.

Two officers, a Federal and a Confederate, fell in a scattered fight, and lay wounded hard by a road-side well.

"We've licked you by this time, Yankee," said the Fed., sneeringly, to the Confed. "You've no chance with us in the long run; blood always tells. Ours is good old blood; see, dip your clotted shirt in the well, and the stains are gone; but if I wash mine there for a week, it blooms out crimson as ever."

"Thought it wouldn't wash," said the Yankee.

A Tender Subject,

IT is a maxim among surly old bachelors, that, whenever any mischief is brewing, a woman is sure to be mixed up with it.

We do not usually accept with cordiality such sweeping propositions as this, but we could not help thinking of it on reading the following newspaper paragraph respecting the recent piratical depredations:

"The Coquette, stated to be Tender to a privateer, has captured six merchant vessels, of which she burned four and bonded two."

And so it is with many a Coquette of society. She professes to be Tender to a privateer or some other fellow, and then there's no end to the mischief she does.

A SCREAM FROM OLD MARM GREELEY.

Mussy on us all! What next? I'm so worritted and vext
That of my own position I ain't well aware;
To think that a minute the rebyels may be in it
A waterin' of their hosses in the Delaware!

And though I often reached for my blunderbuss, and screeched
"On to Richmond!" till all frightened at my bellow were,
I'll retract that foolish holler, now the rebyels comes to swaller,
With their cattle, the cold waters of the Delaware.

Oh! when it comes to that, I'll take my old white hat
And skedaddle when of rebyel shot and shell aware;
'Twould be whistlin' against thunder for me to fire my blunder-
Buss at butternuts a swimmin' in the Delaware!

Then let each weak-kneed man, like me, shut down his pan,
Weeds of woe upon his hat let every fellah wear,
When the horrid story comes that the rebels to our hums
Is a crossin' from the far side of the Delaware!

"The New Gymnastics."

DR. DIO LEWIS, the originator of the new system of domestic-gymnastics, by practising which every man, woman, and child will eventually become his, her, and its own athlete, is going to have a good deal to be answerable for. Just look here, now:

"Lauks a mussy, MARY!" cried the Landlady, "here's the door-bell a-ringin' all day, and there don't seem to be nobody ringin' it. Have we sperrits among us?"

"Sperrits? No!" replied MARY, with a shudder of her ivory shoulders. "It ain't sperrits, and it ain't nobody. It's the dumb-bells of the boarders, as is goin' ding-dong-bell all the live-long day!"

The "Sum of Life," according to the French Shakspeare.

"A THING made up of daily *truffles*."

"THE NEGRO FIRST: *THEN* THE UNION."

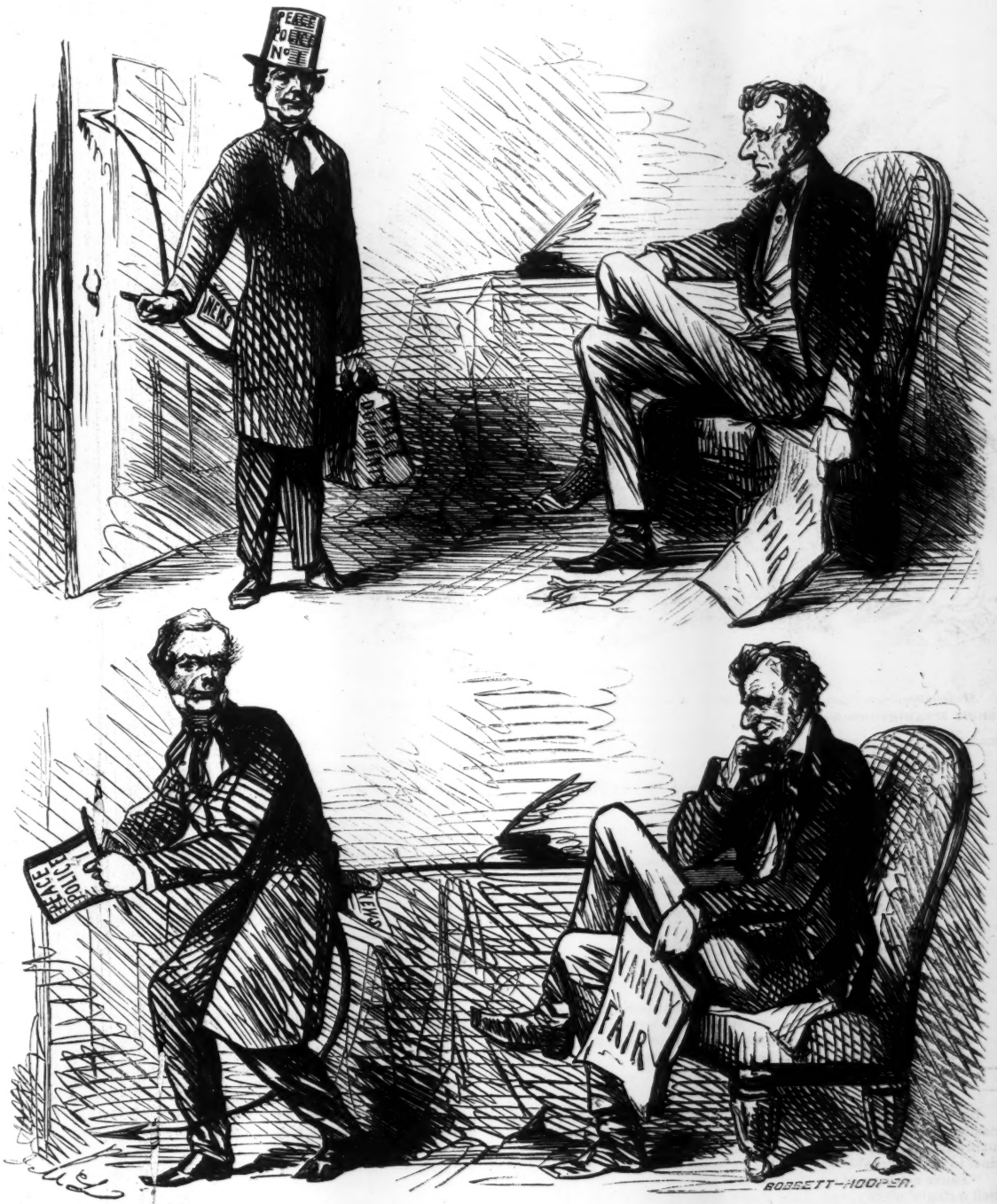
WE would suggest the above line as a very appropriate motto for a Boston newspaper entitled *The Commonwealth*, of which we have just seen a copy for the first time. That copy of *The Commonwealth* contains a short notice of VANITY FAIR. Not a sweet, notice, though. The writer in *The Commonwealth* objects to the favorable view taken by us of GERRIT SMITH'S declaration that he preferred the Union to the Negro, and he refers to a long, as well as heavy article in the same lively paper, in which the negro is very decidedly placed not only before the Union, but before everything else. As we have not been in the habit of thus deifying a mere human creature, the young man of *The Commonwealth* goes into a fit of blue hysterics, with green stripes, and calls us a "vulgar pro-slavery sheet." The young person who conducts the paragraph department of *The Commonwealth* then forgets his hysterics for a moment, on account of a sudden spasm of epilepsy, during the paroxysms of which he foams a good deal because we have "besmeared with mud," as he elegantly expresses it, his friend and fellow-disunionist "CONWAY of Kansas:" we say "fellow-disunionist," because we consider every man who prefers the Negro to the Union—as *The Commonwealth* man does—to be as much a disunionist as the slimiest Copperhead of them all. Finally, the young man of *The Commonwealth* educates his nose into a sneer at us for calling "CONWAY of Kansas" *Marcus*, as if it were of the least consequence whether that person's prænomen is MARCUS, or CAUCUS, or any other CUS.

A Worldly Thought.

A MODERN moralist has given utterance to the following noble reflection:

"If we work upon Marble it will perish: if we work upon Brass time will efface it."

And then we take up a copy of the *World*, and the difference between the two materials above mentioned doesn't seem to strike us.



An Extinguished Visitor at the White House:

Tableau 1. FERNANDO WOOD, AS HE APPROACHED THE PRESIDENTIAL PRESENCE.

Tableau 2. FERNANDO WOOD, AS HE QUITTED THE PRESIDENTIAL PRESENCE.

BOSTON.

As Viewed by Mr. Peeps.

(SECOND LETTER.)

Boston, June 17th, 1863.

Dear V. F. :—Pray don't fancy me standing a whole week in the ridiculous attitude I described in my last—living, in fact, for seven days and nights on a cast-iron plate-full of words. You remember the case of the man who was found dead, with a long word sticking in his throat. Well, long before the date of this cheerful epistle (had I condemned myself to such an abominable penance) they would have found *me*, an iron-plated victim to an inscription, stretched cold under that memorable old Elm, (and *not* Oak, as I stated,) with words, long and short, breaking out all over me.

Well, eventually tearing myself away from the big Elm—of course it ain't "*slippery* Elm," or I could have got off sooner—I took a farewell look at it, from a distance, and it seemed to have borne the separation very well. Of course it couldn't have taken it much to heart, having no heart left to take it to—poor thing! Going up the steps, toward the State House, I worshipped for some time the bronze pantaloons of Daniel Webster, (you had a picture of him once,) and then slowly melted away from his presence, like a beautiful dream. In other words, I went off and got something to eat. There is nothing dreamy, by the way, about eating, in Boston. I never saw people eat so—*I* never ate so. I offer the following hypothesis, on this point, for Liebig himself is no more prone to philosophize than I:

1st. The people of Boston are so particular, in regard to food, they *will* have the best of everything. This touches on the *relish*.

2d. The people of Boston are so particular in regard to cleanliness, they *will* have clean streets, and, consequently, pure air. This touches "onto" appetite, some.

3d. The people of Boston take things coolly, in general; don't worry so much about business, or their neighbors, as some other folks; and take warm baths, and walk on the Common.

I guess that will do. I grant they carry some of these things to extremes. There, for instance, is the item of cleanliness; a little wholesome dirt would improve Boston. It can be got in New-York. Dirt is healthy. I was told so by a "toter" (that's a boat carrier, wood-chopper, etc., who runs logs down the Androscoggin and such rivers) who stopped washing in the fall and only resumed in the Spring. A young medical student also once assured me there is a natural oil to the skin, and if you keep washing it off you fly in the face of Nature, and perhaps get the consumption for your pains—or rather, in many cases I suppose, your pains (rheumatic) *with* your consumption; a sort of "Plum, both."

After eating so much that the man took me for a native, I went and wound along—taking every precaution to prevent my head's swimming—now up, now down, now across, and thence obliquely, and presently stood before the old Church of the Puritans, (if I ain't mistaken,) with a British cannon-ball sticking in its bosom like a stud. If the congregation stick to the church as that ball does, they will certainly be saved—as that ball is. Thence, I took the advice of a shop-keeper, and his direction, and unwound myself a little by wheeling off to the old cemetery where the three Mathers, (the "Witch-Hangers,)—for whom I have about as much regard as for the "Three Thayers"—all lie buried under one stone. "Cotton" was thought to be smart, in his day. Cotton is very able, now—and that's what's the Mather. Old Mather could do a Witch to a turn in about the time you are waiting now for a steak. It would be curious to know Witch he preferred—Burning or Hanging; for, I am told, he practiced both branches of the profession. I know a Witch—about nineteen years old—that I'd like to catch Mather a-roasting! I'd play him a tune worth sixty of his! If Mather were alive, and his propensity with him, how he'd want to make an example of her, after I'd told him how she'd played the deuce with me! But I wouldn't tell him!

Wandering among the tombs two centuries old, and listening to the music of the birds, I guess I'll muse a little. You needn't think, however, I'm going to stay all night with old Cotton and his brother ghosts! In half-an-hour I shall be off to dinner. Peeps.

The Only Things the Rebs can't Steal.

A march into any of our loyal States.

About the Size of it.

"How long is it going to be before you take Charleston?" asked the Copperhead, with a sneer.

"Well," replied Jenks, cheerfully, "as near as I can calculate the long-itude, it will be about one Foote!"

The Copperhead, having thus got "full measure," retired.

REBEL RECIPES.

For the Use of Southern Housewives, and Adapted to the Exigencies of the

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

Botte, aux Fines Herbes.

I.—Take a boot, no matter how worn; cut in strips, and boil three hours; boil it a little longer, and then let it boil a while. Season well with saw-dust. Simmer it with the strongest water you can get, and flavor with molasses. Boil till tender, and serve up with Jamestown weed, on tin plates. This is a favorite dish in the Confederate Army.

Corde, au Goudron.

II.—Take two feet of tarred rope, and stew with common clay one hour. Season with sassafras-root, chop the whole fine, and sprinkle with turpentine. This makes an excellent substitute for snapdragon or rum omelette, eaten while burning.

Warming Beverage.

III.—Take a quart of Confederate Whiskey, if you can get it; mix one pint of water, and stir. Drink while cold. This is President Davis's principal diet.

N. B.—The water may be left out if desired.

Chien, aux Champignons.

IV.—Take a dog's hind leg, and boil it till the hair comes off. Then stew a piece of fat bacon with a quart of toadstools, and season to taste with lemon-peel. Serve on a pine board; the toad-stools being used as a garnishing for the canine ham. This is highly recommended for invalids.

Paté au Busard.

V.—Take a fat turkey-buzzard, cut him up, feathers and all, and simmer one hour with neatsfoot oil. Then make a pastry of brick-dust, thickened with soot. Put in your buzzard, season well with whiskey, and bake three days. This makes a very rich dish.

Meringue a la Congederation.

VI.—Take a quart of cold-water, and choose three good-sized turnips to put in it. Let them stay till the earth is nearly washed off. Then take them out, pare them, and eat them without seasoning. This is an old delicacy, and an excellent one.

Saumures du Sud.

VII.—Take a pound of iron-filings, and mix with a few good carpet-tacks. Pour hot vinegar (if you can get it) over them, and let them stand until the Confederacy is acknowledged. After that we can tell you what else to do with them.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE No. XV.

From General Robert E. Lee.

Bull Run, June 17th, 1863.

Editor Vanity Fair: *Dear Sir!*—I desire to inform the people of your region that I can be found at this place till further notice. Let my friends Wood, Ingersoll, etc., be assured that I am well, and find the air of this section agrees with me as perfectly as it did last year. I am expecting a call soon from my esteemed acquaintance Hooker, and have a cold collation always ready for him. Could you hint to him the advisability of bringing only a small retinue? I should feel much chagrined to find my spread inadequate to the occasion. I am looking out for a summer residence in the North. I am at present distracted between Philadelphia and Washington: can you advise me? I have a few friends with me—some ninety or a hundred thousand—who will expect to summer with me. I have no doubt we can find accommodations, after once getting to our destination. Should I find myself suited during this little trip, I may conclude to settle. Otherwise, I shall return to Virginia, with the intention of remaining. I shall try no more experiments. Being still rather busy adding to the variety of the entertainment designed for my esteemed acquaintance, Hooker, you must make up your mind to excuse me, at present, and believe me,

Yours, Robt. E. Lee, Gen. Commanding.

On the Scent.

In days of old, when the City of New-York was founded by the Dutch, it was called New-Amsterdam.

Now-a-days, seeing that the City of New-York is likely to be Settled by the putrescent garbage-boxes, we take the liberty of suggesting that its name should be changed to New-Rotterdam.

COPPER AND STEEL.

BULLET-PROOF vests have been for some time in show in a Broadway shop-window, and we are glad to see that a new article called the steel-collar is just coming into vogue as a substitute for those made of linen, or paper. Now that we are threatened with the terrors of an invasion, it has become necessary for every man to take up arms and rush to the defence of his hearth—or stove, supposing that to be the article round which he sits on the long winter nights. The revival of armor, then, is a sign of the times which we hail with mild joy. STUART's Rebel Cavalry, who are in Pennsylvania to-day, and may be in New-York to-morrow, are said to be such skillful swordsmen that one of them has been known to take off a Copper-Head at a single blow. They do not mean to spare the Copperheads, as we learn from a Richmond paper. VALLANDIGHAM has found no favor at the South, nor would FERNANDO WOOD be very extensively feasted there; although he may flatter himself that he is making friends with the Rebel Mammon of unrighteousness, by calling upon the North to knock under, own up, and cave in. The time is at hand, then, when the timorous Copperhead will have to look out for himself, and Providence appears to have sent the new steel-collar specially for his adoption. Let the Copperhead up, now, and prepare for a fight. His hearth, or stove, is threatened. With a ball-proof vest on, trousers plated fore-and-aft, (especially aft,) with heavy metal, and one of the new, fashionable steel-collars upon his neck, the Copperhead may pluck up a sufficient amount of courage to retrieve his lost character, yet, and we do not despair of seeing a regiment of Copperheads, with steel necks, doing home-guard duty around our kitchen-ranges, with great fierceness, before this war is over.

Very Likely.

ONE of the English penny-a-liners, in a recent London journal, panegyrating on the late "STONEWALL" JACKSON, says "he" (S. J.) "was a greater General than Napoleon I." . . .

This is heavy!

Perhaps the penny-a-liner is the same person who once wrote a small book to prove that NAPOLEON never existed.

Or perhaps he is a pocket logician, and argues by the following syllogism:

1. Nobody was a greater General than NAPOLEON!

2. STONEWALL JACKSON was a greater General than Nobody!

Therefore, S. J. was a greater General than NAPOLEON!

We shouldn't wonder if he was!

The Departed Specie.

A NEWSPAPER correspondent, writing from one of the mining districts of Nevada, says that the "gold is of so fine a quality it can seldom be seen without the aid of a glass."

The glasses used in that region must be of a much more powerful quality than any we can obtain in New-York.

Pithy.

"WHAT do you think of my new pith hat?" asked VALENTINE, who had just mounnted one of these light summer articles, of ORSON.

"Reverses the order of things, rather," replied ORSON, with biting sarcasm: "the pith used to be inside the wood, you see, but now the wood's inside the pith."

"Out of the Depths."

A SCIENTIFIC gentleman lately made an attempt to sound Niagara River, from the Suspension Bridge. His attempt was a complete failure, however, as he soon discovered that a greater Sounder than himself, namely, Niagara Falls, had not yet got to the bottom of the problem.

SEMMES DONE-FOR.

THE Navy Department—of which "Old Mr. WELLES" (as some of our readers may remember) is the indefatigable Head—has lately been surpassing itself, having resolved to sweep the rebel pirates from the seas without further delay. Just look at the account!

For seventy hours, it seems, "fresh dispatches, each containing new commands, have succeeded each other rapidly." It was no time at all, so to speak, ere six gunboats and sloops-of-war were "outside the light," and going at the rate of eight knots an hour after the Alabama. Not long afterward—in fact, we suppose, before this formidable fleet was fairly out of sight—four more sloops and gunboats started out, at the rate of from nine to twelve knots an hour. There is another craft going out, pretty soon, and "some hopes are entertained" of its "turning out a rapid steamer."

"As will be seen from the estimate of speed set forth," says the report, "none of the vessels dispatched could overhaul a pirate running sixteen or eighteen miles an hour. Having this fact in view, Secretary WELLES yesterday telegraphed to Rear-Admiral PAULDING authorizing him to charter such steamers and sailing-ships as he deemed best adapted for speed." This telegram was obeyed in the following splendid style:

Six vessels were at once chartered, of which the Curlew was one, and one of the biggest, too. This formidable marine monster is 380 tons burthen, and has two engines "with cylinders 32 inches in diameter and 2 feet stroke"!!!

We think SEMMES had best keep out of the course of these terrible vessels. What if the Curlew should overhaul him to-morrow? It is *such* a consolation, now that LEE has taken to raiding all around us, to think that, whatever we don't do on land, we are certainly going to do big things on the water, right off. Bravo, WELLES! You ain't so old as you look, *are* you?

INTERESTING TO PRIVATEERSMEN.

THE following advertisement speaks for itself: privateersmen! here is a chance for you:

"WANTED—A young man who has some knowledge of Britannia metal chasing: also a boy, to learn."

Our idea of Britannia metal chasing is nautical, whether meant in that sense by the advertiser, or otherwise. Running down, for instance, and sinking a plated vessel built in the Clyde for J. D. "Emperor of China," might be looked upon as Britannia metal chasing of a very superior quality, and we hope that the "young man" and "boy" to do it will soon be on hand.

"Thro' a Glass, Darkly."

"DID you see the moon's eclipse on the 10th?" asked the HOST; "she was entirely obscured for a time!"

"Ah!" remarked the VISITOR. "Well, if you observed the phenomenon at that moment, you might have fancied yourself face to face with CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS!"

"How on earth could I fancy that?"

"Why," replied the humorous VISITOR, "did you not behold the 'GREAT DISC-OVER-(H)ER'?"

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from McArone.

Wrong Side of the Rappahannock, June 15th.

Dear Vanity: More action! The din of arms once more!

Just the prettiest little fight of this war was the cavalry attack which I led against the Rebels over the river last week.

General Stuart, the Rattling Rebel Raid-Rider, sent me notice that he was about to visit Northern Maryland for purposes of an accumulative nature.

I replied to the bold bandit that I should be happy to have a small sabre-party with him, before he left; and immediately threw over a few thousand cavalry. . . . I have the best of reasons for not saying how many . . . to out-flank his forces.

We advanced across the river by echelons, and after forming close columns with distance by the successive breaking of squadrons, executed a right wheel and came beautifully into line of battle, with our left resting upon the centre.

I then recrossed the river and went to my headquarters to lunch. When I returned, the engagement had begun.

The enemy, undoubtedly 250,000 strong, had thrown himself upon my line, and the battle was raging at close quarters.

I galloped to the rear, and led my men at full speed, waving my canteen and swearing dreadfully.

"Come on!" I cried; "come on, dern ye, and see how a McArone can die on the bloodstained field!"

The gabions rang; the pompions roared; each trooper drew his glittering culverin, and we rode down upon the foe, a heaving mass of manly bosoms and superior army cutlery.

It was like the shock of dishevelled universes. I rose and fell upon the waves of battle, like a meteor floating on a tempestous sea. I darted onward like an army with banners, my negro servants in front of me, my chief bugler behind, playing "*Pop goes the weasel*," like all-possessed . . .

Of course, the enemy fled.

We followed; also of course; over a field bestrewn with bunged eyes and bloody noses. The day was ours.

But among the proud joys of victory mingle ever some weary wailings of regret. Many were lost, and of the number was a terrier dog; black and tan; answers to the name of Jack; has a white spot on his chest; ears rather badly trimmed; steel chain around his neck; handsome head; knows nearly enough to write for the *Ledger*, and weighs about ten pounds. Five dollars reward will be paid for his recovery.

"For joy and woe, to us below,
This terrier purp was guv;
We may not mourn, for he has gorn
To bloom, a dorg, above!"

. . . But, to resume.

I sent a brigade of cavalry to turn the enemy's centre. They reconnoitred, and sent me word that the Rebels had been reinforced by 50,000 men.

I then ordered a squadron of Marines to turn the enemy's left. They rode as far as convenient, and found the Rebels reinforced.

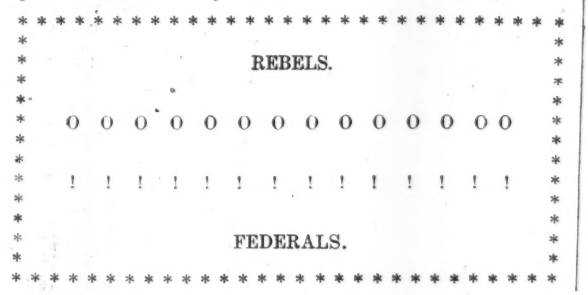
I then sent a battalion of Heavy Zouaves to flank the Rebel right. They charged, but returned, reporting large reinforcements of the foe.

Exasperated beyond my wont . . . which is saying a good deal . . . I immediately dashed forward, unattended save by my staff.

Single handed, I drove the Confederates six miles, and scattered their hordes . . . they had several . . . like chaff before the wind. I routed their batteries, destroyed their artillery, defeated their guns, and captured several heavy pieces. Their ordnance I spiked. I beat them with my staff, and raised the d——l generally, after my ancient fashion.

. . . Maybe I didn't enjoy it pretty well!

The following diagram will enable you to understand the relative position of affairs at this juncture.



Having overwhelmed the entire force of the enemy, and upset all his projects concerning a raid, I quietly returned across the Rappahannock to tea, without loss or inconvenience, with no change of diet or drink, and no interference with business.

. . . I never boast, and some have said that modesty was my only fault; but, I would like to ask, how many Generals have done as much?

Speaking of Generals, there seems to be some question of rank arising. Of course, I alone can be considered the ranking officer of the entire forces, always excepting our worthy President, who is, *de jure*, and should be, *de facto*, the real Commander-in-Chief of all.

The state of the present case is something this:

It appears that Ben Butler is seeking a position above Gen Fremont and others. This he bases upon the law of usage that the General whose commission bears earliest date outranks those appointed later. He therefore asks to be made commander-in chief, because his commission dates but a few days later than that of Gen. Fremont.

The reason is a fair one . . . fair to middling . . . but does not seem to strike General F. with the amount of force that General B. finds in it.

Our excellent Chief Magistrate has replied to Ben that although he could not sufficiently thank him for his labors in New-Orleans, he thought the administrative talent there displayed did not give *prima facie* evidence of military knowledge. The statement concluded with precisely the same interrogation that I recorded last . . . the question Uncle Abe asked me when I requested him to make me President, as a military necessity:

"Now, aren't you asking a little too much?"

The matter will eventually be adjusted without difficulty.

I shall probably be consulted about it very soon.

In the meanwhile, there can be . . . as I have already hinted . . . but one acknowledged acting Chief of all the armies, to direct their movements and plan their conduct; to lead them to victory and death, and point their path out with unerring finger.

Would you seek to embalm his imperishable name in history?
It is . . .

McArone.

"Boys will be Boys."

In a newspaper article on the Hair, the writer asserts that "none of his playmates, who range between the ages of forty and sixty-five, are bald," a fact which he attributed to the circumstances of their having always worn "soft hats" in their early youth, and since.

Does the circumstance of the soft hats also account for the wonderful light-headedness of these jolly old boys, who are playmates to each other at forty and sixty-five? If so, alas! why did not we, too, adopt the fashion of the soft hat in our top-and-marble years! It is evident that the writer quoted by us refers to his middle-aged and sexagenarian friends as playmates of his, *now*, for it would be absurd to suppose that he could have been at school with boys, the difference between whose ages was a matter of twenty-five years. We should like to meet all these fine old fellows with the flowing locks and soft hats over at the Elysian Fields, hard by Hoboken, some fine morning. A game at leap-frog there might restore some of the original pliancy to our somewhat crutchy legs, and the influence of the soft hat (which must be Felt to be appreciated) upon the rejuvenation of our ringlets would make us a "boy again."

Peel's Nightmares.

The Philadelphia *Press*, in an article upon "Peel on Immigration," says that, "For the last two or three hundred years it has been the fault or the misfortune of successive Chief Secretaries of Ireland to live in perpetual hot water."

If this is the bitter truth, as we believe it to be, it appears to us that the present Chief-Secretary of Ireland, Sir Robert Peel, has used up a good deal of his hot water in the manufacture of whiskey-punch, under the influence of which stimulating compound he has *delirium tremendous* visions of gaunt Yankees armed with revolvers and bowie-knives, and beating wild Indian *tom-toms* through the country for recruits.

A Smart Dodge.

A Boston hatter advertises the "Bogota Hat, for middle-aged and elderly gentlemen."

There is no end to the astuteness of these Yankees. Well that hatter knew how the Conscription would increase and multiply the number of "middle-aged and elderly gentlemen" throughout the land, and we understand that the "Bogota," or "Over Forty-five" hat, has been well patronized, accordingly.